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**PROGRESS; A POEM.**

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

We copy the following from an English quarterly magazine for July, edited by Mr. Prince:—

On ! ye have glorious duties to fulfil,  
Nor faint, nor fear upon the weary way,  
Ye who with earnest rectitude of will  
Marshal the millions for the moral fray ;  
Ye who with vollied speech and volant lay,  
' Gainst the dark crowd of social ills engage—  
Lead us from out the darkness to the day  
We languish to behold ; exalt the age,  
And write your names in fire on Truth's unspotted page.

With hopeful heart, and faith-uplifted brow,  
Press on, Crusaders, for the goal is near !  
Desert and danger are behind, and now  
Sweet winds and waters murmur in our ear ;  
And plenteous signs of peaceful life appear,  
And songs of solace greet us as we go,  
And o'er the horizon's rim, not broad, but clear,  
The light of a new morn'ng seems to flow—  
We journey sunwards on ! and hail the uprising glow !

In the sad wilderness we've wandered long,  
Thirsting amid the inhospitable sand,  
Cheered by that burden of prophetic song  
"The clime, the time of freedom is at hand,"  
And lo ! upon the threshold of the land,  
We strive and hope, keep patient watch and wait ;  
And few and feeble are the foes that stand  
Between us and our guerdon.—Back, proud gate,  
That opes into the realm of Freedom's high estate !

Not ours, perchance, the destiny to see  
The unveiled glories of her inner bower,  
But myriads following in our steps shall be  
Equal partakers of the coming hour.  
The unencumbered heritage, the dower,  
With its full fruits is theirs, with all its store  
Of fine fruition, and exalted power,  
And Truth shall teach them her transcendent lore—  
"Man towards the Perfect Good advanceth evermore !"

And in our upward progress through the past,  
What giant evils have been trodden down !  
Dread deeds, which struck the shrinking soul aghast,  
Branding the dooer with unblest renown ;  
The inquisitor's harsh face, and gloomy gown,  
Girt with a thousand torture tools ; the flame  
In whose fierce folds the martyr won his crown,  
Are gone into the darkness whence they came ;—  
There let them rust and rot, in God's insulted name !

Knowledge hath left the hermit's ruined cell,  
 The narrow convent and the cloister's gloom,  
 With world-embracing wings to soar and dwell  
 'Mid purer ether, and sublimer room.  
 The vollied lightnings of her press consume  
 The tyrant's strength, and strike the bigot blind ;  
 Day after day its thunders sound the doom  
 Of some old wrong, too hideous for the mind  
 Which reason hath illumed—which knowledge hath refined.

Knowledge hath dignified the sons of toil,  
 And taught them where pure pleasures may be won ;  
 The peasant leaves his ploughshare in the soil  
 For mental pastime when the day is done ;  
 The swart-faced miner, shut from breeze and sun,  
 While nature reigns in beauty unsubdued—  
 Creeps from his caverned workshop, deep and dun,  
 And in his hovel's fire-lit solitude  
 Storeth his craving mind with not unwholesome food.

' Mid the harsh clangor of incessant wheels,  
 Beside the stithy and the furnace-blaze,  
 Some soul, still hungering and enlarging, feels  
 The silent impulse of her quickning rays ;  
 In the lone loom-cell, where, for weary days,  
 And weary nights, the shuttle flies amain ;  
 With his white web the weaver weaveth lays  
 To speed his labor, or beguile his pain :—  
 Lays which the world shall hear, and murmur o'er again !

Proud halls re-echo with exalted song,  
 With wise instruction or impassioned speech ;—  
 And who outnumbers the heart listening throng ?  
 The artisan, who learns that he may teach,  
 Longing, acquiring, holding, like the leech,  
 He cries, " Give, give !" with unalloyed desire.  
 No point of knowledge seems beyond his reach :  
 Effort begets success, and higher, higher,  
 Like eagles towards the sun, his full-fledged thoughts aspire !

Nor is there danger in the liberal gift  
 Of soul-seed cast abroad by genius' hand ;  
 Not weeds, but flowers and stems shall lift  
 Their forms of grace and grandeur o'er the land.  
 Like that proud tree, by eastern breezes fanned,  
 From kindred roots a mighty forest made,  
 A brotherhood of branches shall expand  
 From the great myriad mind, affording shade,  
 Strength, shelter, and supply, when outer storms invade.

And by this patient gathering of the thought,  
 And by this peaceful exercise of will,  
 What wonders have been nursed, matured, and wrought,  
 What other wonders will they *not* fulfil ?

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Upheaves the valley, yawns the opposing hill,  
 Man and his hand-work sweep triumphant through;  
 Time halts, space narrows, prejudice stands still  
 And dwindles in the distance; high and new  
 Are all our dreams and deeds—yet much remains to do.

Hail to the lofty minds, the truthful tongues,  
 Linked in an universal cause, as now,  
 Which break no rights, which advocate no wrongs,  
 Firm to the loom and faithful to the plough!  
 Commerce send out thy multifarious prow  
 Laden with goodly things for every land;  
 Labor uplift thy sorrow-shaded brow,  
 Put forth thy strength of intellect and hand,  
 And plenty, peace, and joy, may round thy homes expand.

Hail? mighty Science! Nature's conquering lord!  
 Thou star-crowned, steam-winged, fiery-footed power!  
 Hail! gentle arts! whose hues and forms afford  
 Refined enchantments for the tranquil hour!  
 Hail! tolerant teachers of the world, whose dower  
 Of spirit-wealth outweighs the monarch's might!  
 Blest be your holy mission! may it shower  
 Blessings like rain, and bring by human right,  
 To all our hearts and hearths, love, liberty, and light!

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#### A PLEA FOR PEACE.

I would call on Americans, by their love of our country, its great ideas, its real grandeur, its hopes, and the memory of its fathers—to come and help save that country from infamy and ruin. I would call on Christians, who believe that Christianity is a truth, to lift up their voice, public and private, against the foulest violation of God's law, this blasphemy of the Holy Spirit of Christ, this worst form of infidelity to man and God. I would call on all men, by the one nature that is in you, by the great human heart beating alike in all your bosoms, to protest manfully against this desecration of the earth, this high treason against both man and God. Teach your rulers that you are Americans, not Slaves; Christians, not heathen; men, not murderers, to kill for hire! You may effect little in this generation, for its head seems crazed and its heart rotten. But there will be a day after to-day. It is for you and me to make it better; a day of peace, when nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation; when all shall indeed be brothers, and all blest. Do this—you shall be worthy to dwell in this beautiful land; Christ will be near you; God work with you—and bless you forever.—*Rev. T. Parker's Sermon,*